THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
Ebensburg, Pa., by H. A. McPike,

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,128
AND STILL A BOOMING. WHAT IS IT?

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Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

$1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

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JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

GRAND OPENING
—OF THE—
American Tea Company
At 1327 Eleventh Avenue, Altoona, Pa.

We take pleasure in informing the people of Blair, Cambria and surrounding counties that we have opened a

BRANCH STORE IN ALTOONA,
Between Thirteenth and Fourteenth Streets,

In the room formerly occupied by R. T. Paine as a shoe store, where we will always keep a large and choice stock of the

Finest Teas, Best Coffees, Purest Spices.

SPECIALTIES IN TEAS.

CELEBRATED GARDEN GROWN TEA.	THE GENUINE OLD COUNTRY TEA.
THE SUPERIOR OOLONG TEA.	THE BEST UNCOLORED JAPAN TEA.
THE NEW ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEA.	THE CHOICEST GUNPOWDER TEA.
THE FINE UNCOLORED YOUNG HYSON TEA.	THE NATURAL LEAF IMPERIAL TEA.
THE FINE SOOCHONG TEA.	THE CHOICEST MIXED TEA.

We are really the only house between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh that imports the celebrated Garden Grown and Genuine Old Country Tea.

SPECIALTIES IN GREEN AND ROASTED COFFEES.

THE GENUINE MOCHA COFFEE.	THE OLD GOVERNMENT JAVA COFFEE.
THE OLD DEXON COFFEE.	THE COSTA RICA COFFEE.
THE PLANTATION CEYLON COFFEE.	THE LAGUAYRA COFFEE.
THE TRY BERRY COFFEE.	THE MARACAIBO COFFEE.
THE ARIBIAN COFFEE.	THE GOLDEN RIO COFFEE.

GOOD ROASTED READY GROUND COFFEE AT 10 CTS. PER LB.

The Celebrated Original Arabian Coffee.

The Arabian Coffee is marvelled for its delightful aroma. If all other Coffees have failed to please you try the CELEBRATED ORIGINAL ARABIAN COFFEE.

FRESH SPICES! PURE SPICES! PURE SPICES!

A general choice assortment of the best and purest Spices always on hand. We keep none but the best. Dealers in above mentioned goods can buy at cheap rates. Any article bought in New York or Philadelphia, and save the freight on goods, delivered at our store warranted, and money refunded if not satisfactory. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

ONE PRICE ONLY, AND THAT THE VERY LOWEST.
CALL, SEE AND BE CONVINCED AT THE
American Tea Co.'s Store, Altoona, Pa.

THE LATEST NEWS AND BEST!

FALL AND WINTER GOODS
IN GREAT PROFUSION AT
FREIDHOFF'S CHEAP STORE!

Having for some time been looking forward to the coming Presidential election in hopes of [illegible] *sake, the latter there has concluded to remain in the mercantile* [illegible] *and will devote his undivided attention by supplying his friends and the public generally with ALL KIND OF GOODS*

AT PRICES SO LOW
THAT NONE CAN OR DARE COMPETE WITH HIM.

His stock always full and elegant stock of everything to be found in a general store, comprising a complete line of

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, CAPS,
Boots, Shoes, Groceries Hardware, Tinware,
Queensware, Glassware, Woodenware, Cigars, Tobacco, Canned Goods, &c., &c.

FLOUR, CORN MEAL, FISH, SALT by the bushel and barrel, DRUGS, NAILS, PUTTY, BRUSHES, BROOMS, &c. I have likewise added to my stock

BIRD'S PATENT CORN SHELLER,

which will be sold at the remarkable low price of 75 cents each. *Also for sale, the*

BEST AND QUICKEST BUTTER-PRODUCING CHURN EVER INVENTED.

☞ I take pleasure in informing the public that my store-room and the crowded condition of my stock in the old establishment is literally crowded with choice goods and especially after harvesting. Still being determined to accommodate all who come, and especially the farmers of the country, to whom the highest prices in trade will be paid for all kind of produce, including [illegible] and vegetables, I take pleasure in informing the public that I have [illegible] for the free use of all who may wish to put up their horses. Thanking my friends and customers for the liberal patronage bestowed upon me in the past, I remain as ever,

Thankful for past favors and hopeful [illegible] favors ones I remain as ever.

N. J. FREIDHOFF.

High Street, Ebensburg, Oct. 2, 1879.

SIX CORD SEMPLE'S SIX CORD SPOOL COTTON
ENDORSED BY OVER THIRTY SEWING MACHINE EXHIBITORS AT THE EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, Paris, 1878 AND INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, PHILADELPHIA, 1876, As being the STRONGEST, SMOOTH, and EXCELLENT THREAD.
TRY IT S.F.T. ESTABLISHED 1835.
ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY BY USING
MANUFACTURED AT MOUNT HOLLY, N.J. STUART & BRO. LIMITED AGENT & SALESMAN
MEDALS AWARDED | PARIS, PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK & BOSTON.
SOFT FINISH

GEO. W. YEAGER,
—CASH DEALER IN ALL KIND OF—
HEATING and COOKING STOVES
—AND MANUFACTURER OF—
TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,
1402 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Pa.

☞ CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY. Roofing, Spouting and Repairing of all kind promptly and satisfactorily attended to. [10-24,79.—tf.]

$777 A YEAR and expenses to Agents. Outfit Free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

$77 a Month and expenses guaranteed to Agents. Outfit free. Shaw & Co. Augusta, Maine.

WE ARE STILL ON DECK!
AND PROPOSE TO REMAIN THERE!

A Perfect Tornado in Low Prices.

To the numerous readers of the Freeman

V. S. BARKER & BROTHER

Send greeting, and as a matter of interest to all buyers invite attention to the special inducements below:

Men's Department.

We have the largest and most complete assortment of **BOOTS** ever seen in this or any other country town, comprising all qualities from the coarsest to the finest, and at prices which defy competition. We have not sufficient time or space to give a full price list, but append an example or two of our low prices in this department: For $2.50 we sell a man's boot, made from whole stock, with SADDLE SEAM, and fully warranted, which is 50 cents cheaper than a boot of the same quality can be bought from any other dealer in town. Also, a man's calf boot (warranted), with tip sole, either sewed or pegged, for $3.50. Our entire line will be sold at the same low rates, and if customers fail to find our prices far below those of other dealers they will not be asked to buy. A complete stock of boys' and youths' boots at prices equally cheap, besides gum boots at prices a little cheaper than other dealers demand.

In **CLOTHING** we have special bargains to offer, as we keep a full stock of medium priced garments, as well as samples of finer goods, and will take your order for any kind of a fine suit, which we guarantee to furnish for less money than you can buy the same kind of goods in Altoona or Johnstown. Our **$10 Suits** are stunning bargains. In OVERCOATS we carry the only complete stock in town, and defy any one to compete with our prices, while in CASSIMERES and CLOTHS we have the most extensive and varied assortment ever exhibited in Ebensburg, and can have suits made to order on short notice. Don't fail to see our pants' goods before buying.

We keep at all times a full line of UNDERWEAR, from the cheapest to the best, and as an example of our low prices on these goods, and the only one we have room for, we quote good, heavy undershirts at 25 cents each, and full suits at 50 cents. Who can beat these figures?

Ladies' Department.

WE WISH TO CALL SPECIAL ATTENTION TO OUR

SUPERB STOCK of LADIES' COATS,

Which we have in great variety and at all prices from $2.50 up to the highest. We certainly have wonderful bargains in these goods, and to those who need one for the coming winter, but do not wish to buy just yet awhile, we would say, come and examine our stock now and select what you want and have it laid away, which will be done with pleasure, as by so doing you will have a large assortment to select from, which may not be the case long, as we expect to reduce our stock very much before the 25th of this month. Anyhow when you visit this store don't forget to look at the coats, which we will be pleased to show you whether you wish to buy or not.

In **BLACK CASHMERES** we have a nice line, and are giving great bargains in them as well as other DRESS GOODS of current qualities and patterns. Of SHAWLS we shall keep a full assortment, double and single, and of all styles and prices. We also have a neat and complete stock of Ladies' KNIT JACKETS, HOSIERY, UNDERWEAR, GLOVES, &c., as well as the best line of WATERPROOFS for ladies' cloaks and children's wear ever brought to Ebensburg.

MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT.

First, we wish to call special attention to our **CARPETS.** We have completed arrangements with one of the finest Carpet Houses in New York whereby we are enabled with the aid of a wonderful invention, known as

RICHARDSON'S CARPET EXHIBITOR,

to show you at your own door, as it were, the entire stock of a New York Wholesale House. We have not room to fully explain all the merits of the "Exhibitor," but will take great pleasure in showing you the samples in our store, which will give you an opportunity to select any carpet you may desire from a great variety of new and elegant patterns.

We have just received a choice lot of **BLANKETS**, which we are offering at prices ranging from $2 to $5. We have also added to our stock a handsome line of CLOCKS, and are now prepared to furnish all styles and qualities at lower prices than ever before offered in Ebensburg. Also a cheaper than regular dealers charge for clocks of the same make and finish.

In FLOOR and TABLE OIL CLOTHS we are offering unequalled inducements, our prices being not only the lowest, but our stock the largest and best in town, comprising all widths and patterns for either floors or tables.

OTHER GOODS IN ENDLESS PROFUSION.

We have enumerated only a few of the many articles we have for sale, as it would require many more columns than we would like to put in a paper to tell all the goods we keep. Suffice it to say that we have the largest stock of merchandise in Ebensburg—indeed more than double what any other house contains—all of which we bought at the lowest cash prices, while many of the goods were bought early and of course before any advance in prices. Of this latter class we note Canton Flannels, of which we purchased in July and can give you prices much lower than they could be bought for now. So too with our monster stock of Boots and Shoes, as well as many other goods which might be mentioned, and which were all bought at the old and more moderate prices of three months ago. This is how it comes to pass that we sell goods cheaper than other men in the boroughs. We know some dealers will tell you that we are only blowing, but all we ask is a comparison of our prices with theirs. We have sold GROCERIES cheaper all summer than any other firm in town, and we not only intend to do so in the future, but to keep the largest and best stock of GROCERIES, as well as FLOUR, FEED, GRAIN, SALT, FISH, MEAT, LARD, GLASS of all sizes, NAILS, OILS &c., &c., to be found in Northern Cambria.

OUR TERMS ARE STRICTLY CASH, or Country Produce at Cash Prices.

☞ We buy all kind of grain, beans, onions, chestnuts, and other produce. Call at our store and we will take great pleasure in showing you our goods and informing you of our prices, whether you wish to buy anything or not.

V. S. BARKER & BRO.

Ebensburg, October 8, 1879.-tf.

THE PRINCIPAL CLOTHING HOUSE
—IS FAMOUS—

OOOO A K K H H A L L !!!!
O O AA K K H H AA L L !!
O O A A K K H H A A L L !!
O O AAAA KK HHHHHH AAAA L L !!
O O A A K K H H A A L L !!
O O A A K K H H A A L L !!
OOOO A A K K H H A A LLLLLL LLLLLL !!!!

This Long Established Clothing House,
Known all the Country Round,

HAS been brushed up with improvements in the house and the stock, and is in working trim for the coming season, 1879-1880, with an unapproachable assortment of

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING

That beats all our own former efforts for beauty and completeness.

Everywhere the note of brisk times is sounding, and Oak Hall is on time—ready now—to show the people the most worthy Exhibition of Ready-made Clothing that can be seen anywhere in America.

People may guess that Wanamaker & Brown have not been idle these past summer months when they come and see the familiar but new look on the old-fashioned rooms, and note the quantity and quality of the

FAVORITE BRAND OF CLOTHING
THAT IS
TO MAKE BUSINESS SPIN
And the Salesrooms of
OAK HALL to Bristle with Activity.

Prices will not be in question, for while, touching the assortment, there will be

Rooms Full of Clothing for Rough Work,
Rooms Full of Clothing for Store Wear,
Rooms Full of Clothing for Fine Dress.

All made up to our own high standard of manufacture, there will be prices so low marked on the garments that even the wholesale work being retailed is thrown completely in the shade. There is only one

OAK HALL FOR GOOD CLOTHING.

And Mr. Wanamaker's respects to old friends and new patrons, to say that there are Open Doors and hearty welcome every week-day for all who choose to come to buy or look or compare; and this house-warming invitation is cordially extended to everybody to drop in and see the changes and additions in convenience and stock in the

Oak Hall of 1879.

☞ A sufficient force of polite salesmen are in attendance to promptly wait on customers, and the number will be increased for any extra hurry of business.

☞ The MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT is the special care of gentlemen of long experience.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,
Oak Hall, 6th and Market, Philadelphia.
THE LARGEST CLOTHING HOUSE IN AMERICA.

DR. M. R. B. CREERY, *Surgeon Dentist*, having located in the office and residence earned and recently occupied by Dr. J. J. Ostman, respectfully tenders his professional services to the people of Ebensburg and vicinity, and guarantees good work at honest prices. ☞ A lady assistant will be in attendance whenever her services are required. ☞ Anaesthetics carefully and safely administered when desired. The patronage of all in need of dental services is respectfully solicited. [5-30,79.-tf.]

ALEXANDER TAIT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. ☞ Office and residence adjoining Post-Office, St. Augustine Church street, Pa. [4-4-tf.]

FURS! FURS! FURS!

The Highest Price in Cash or Trade
WILL BE PAID FOR
ALL KIND OF FURS!
AT THE EBENSBURG
HARDWARE & HOUSEFURNISHING STORE.
GEO. HUNTLEY,
Sept. 26, 1879.-tf.

WHAT AILS THE WORLD?

BY FATHER RYAN.

"What ails the world?" the poet cried,
"And why does death walk everywhere?
And why do tears fall anywhere?
And skies have clouds, and souls have care?"
And thus the poet sang and sighed.

For he would fain have all things glad,
All lives happy, all hearts bright,
Not a day would end in night,
Not a wrong would vex a right,
And so he sang, and he was sad.

Thro' his very grandest rhymes
Moved a mournfull monotone,
Like a shadow eastward thrown,
From a sunset, like a moan,
Tangled in a joy bell's chimes.

"What ails the world?" he sang, and asked,
And asked and sang, but all in vain,
No answer came to any strain,
And no reply to his refrain—
The mystery moved around him masked.

"What ails the world?" an echo came—
"Ai's the world." The minstrel bands,
With famous or forgotten hands,
Lift up their lyres in all the lands,
And chant alike and ask the same—

From Him whose soul first soared in song—
A thousand, thousand years away,
To him who sang but yesterday,
In dying or in deathless lay,
"What ails the world?" comes from the throng.

They fain would sing the world to rest,
And so they chant in countless keys
As many as the waves of the seas,
And as the breathing of the breeze,
Yet even when they sing their best—

When o'er the glistening world there floats
Such melody as 'raptures men,
When all look up entranced and when
The song of fame floats forth, e'en then
A discord creepeth thro' the notes.

Their sweetest harps have broken strings,
Their grandest accords have their jars
Like shadows on the light of stars;
And somehow something ever mars
The song the greatest minstrel sings.

And so each song is incomplete,
And not a rhyme can ever round
Into the chords of perfect sound,
The tones of thought e'er surround
The ways walked by the poet's feet.

"What ails the world?" he sings and sighs—
No answer cometh to his cry—
He asks the earth and asks the sky,
The echoes of his song pass by
Unanswered, and the poet dies.

JOE, THE WOLF.

A TRAGIC EPISODE OF THE SAGE BRUSH.

Battle Mountain, nearly the centre of the desert State of Nevada, is not a particularly attractive village. A railroad office and a freight depot, a row of business houses and saloons, and a cluster of unpretentious dwellings comprised its extent. At the time of which I write, some five years ago, it was a lively burgh, however, and a rough one. A small army of teamsters and miners, and a coterie of three-card monte men, who made it their headquarters, kept the otherwise peaceful village in a ferment of wild excitement. The course of these reckless denizens was marked by periodical shooting scrapes, frequent public encounters, and continuous drunken bouts.

HAP dozing one day in a saloon, I was aroused by the remark most emphatically delivered: "It's fourteen inches between my eyes, and I smell like a wolf!" The speaker, a large, magnificently proportioned Indian, supplemented the peculiar description of himself with: "Pards, come an' drink!" With the exception of myself every man in the room gathered around the bar, addressing the powerful slander of treats as *Joe*. The glasses were filled and tipped, when he noticed me. I saw the quick, wicked flash of anger in his eyes. After a momentary survey he broke silence, and this terse dialogue followed:

"Yer from the city, ain't yer?"

"I am."

"Yer don't know me, do yer?"

"I don't."

"Take a drink and git acquainted then."

"Don't drink."

"Smoke then."

"Don't smoke."

"Do yer shoot?"

"Not worth a continental."

My years of assurance acquired as a correspondent, and my knowledge of aggressive characters, did not prevent me from feeling some uneasiness as I observed my interrogator's dextrous fingers slide to his belt and grasp the hilt of his "whistler." An unpleasant termination of the conversation was avoided by the strange appearance of a woman, who stepped from the overland train, just then arrived, and directed her steps toward the saloon. She was rather a comely looking female of thirty-eight or more, and evidently ill and suffering from the effects of an extended debauch. Joe stared at her as one looks at the arisen dead, for a moment, and then walked quickly to the door, threw himself into the saddle, and rode away. As he passed the woman she lifted her hands imploringly toward him and fell to the earth unconscious. She was borne to the hotel, and the kind women of the village did what they could for her. She spoke no word when recovered from her swoon, but lay quietly, unmindful of her life fast ebbing away.

During the day I inquired of Broken-nosed Charley, who knew everybody and everything about the farm, regarding the man Joe. Charley said that little was known of him except that he mined some, gambled some, drank like mad, and altogether was a bad lot. He had killed two or three men, and had been shot and cut himself several times. He invariably preceded an invitation to imbibe, or the shooting of a man, by the expression: "It's fourteen inches between my eyes, and I smell like a wolf." From this idiosyncrasy and his bloodthirsty disposition he was known and dreaded as "The Wolf." Prudent people, however, addressed him as Joe.

The Wolf returned to town the next day, and on entering the saloon from which he had made his hurried exit, quietly asked:

"Has that ar woman gone?"

He was told that she was sick and could live but a short time. A great change came over his face: the hard furrows of dissipation and crime were transformed to the pitiable lines of sorrow. Not noticing the dram proffered by the barkeeper, he hastened to the hotel and made his way to the bedside of the dying woman. Abruptly he questioned:

"Was yer following him?"

"No, Joe; I was hunting you."

"Sure?"

"So help me God!"

The poor, white face, scarred and deep-seamed by excesses and sin, grew radiant with gladness as Joe kneeled down and kissed her. With the seal of forgiveness, with the pressure of his lips but half returned, she sank back dead.

Through the service at the simple burial the following day Joe stood with uncovered head, but his bronzed and immovable features betrayed no emotion, nor vouchsafed any clue to the mystery that enshrouded the coffin outcast and himself.

The evening of the funeral The Wolf called on me at my rooms. Seating himself, without preface he said:

"As a man of sense an' no coward, yer kin look at a brave man's agony in the right way. The past I've hidden for twenty years, fur I ain't the kind to carry my heart on my sleeve for daws to peck at. But thar's a feeling as though I'd choke if I didn't talk to some one. The woman buried to-day war my wife. Here's some letters the wimin folks found on her an' give to me. Yer look them over while I chin, fur I'm slow on the read. We war married in the States when she war sixteen an' I just come of age. A bit after it I got the gold fever an' went to California. In a couple of years I made quite a pile, an' went home fur her. She war changed, an' it warn't long before I heard the stories, and found the truth, that she had gone wrong. He war a fine-haired chap who had come into town while I war away. I war a likely young feller then, but the blow turned me into a devil. I went for him, but he heard of it and slid out fur California. I followed, an' fur twenty years I've bin hunting for him all over this coast. A voice of hell has urged me on, an' I've killed men that the taste of blood might keep fierce my hope of revenge. I've never found him. During these years I've heard of her once in a while, an' how she war drinking an' going to the dogs. I'd allus meant to see her when I'd settled with him. His name war Bill Armstrong."

The letters taken from the dead woman, which I had been looking over, were mostly answers to inquiries regarding the whereabouts of her husband.—An unfinished letter of her own to some friend in the East, and dated a few days previous to her death, showed that to this poor, lost creature, with the grasp of death upon her, there had come back to her the glory of her first and only pure love, and the unconquerable desire to die at his feet, freed from the burden of his curse. Strangely enough, another letter gave information of Bill Armstrong, and stated that he was living at Boise City, in Idaho. These two I read to the desperate man who sat before me, his burning eyes gleaming with pain and his lips mute with anguish. When I ceased, he grasped my hand with, "Thank yer, stranger," and left the room. I watched him mount his horse and ride out into the black night. The Wolf was again on the trail.

The circumstances I have related were vividly recalled to mind during my present visit to Battle Mountain by casually overhearing an account of a fatal shooting affair between Bill Armstrong, a mining speculator, and Joe the Wolf, at Boise City in 1878. The details of the rencontre I give in the words of the narrator, who was an eye-witness:

"Joe met Armstrong on the street, and with the single exclamation, 'I'm Aggie's husband!' pulled and fired. From some unaccountable reason he missed. Armstrong returned the fire, shooting Joe plumb through the heart. He fell on one knee, and, for a second swayed like a reed before the storm.—Grand in his physical strength, in his power of hate, he recovered himself. As from his ashen lips rang out the old cry, 'It's fourteen inches between my eyes, and I smell like a wolf!' he fired, killing Armstrong instantly, and fell upon his face dead."

Thoughtfully to-day I sought the paupers' field, and stood before the rude pine headboard which bore the name of her whose weakness had destroyed three lives. It was almost hidden by clumps of sage-brush, which, unsightly and pallid green, were fitting growths of unhallowed ground.

The old story of shame and sorrow, common in all the epochs of the world as the grains of sand that drifted over her lonely, uncared-for grave. Yet rarely is the recompense for sin so terribly meted out as in the, tragic end and way-ward, bitter lives of Joe and Aggie Garland.

NOT SMITH'S COW.—There is a certain man in Waterford whom we will call R., who is quite a man for practical jokes. He pastures his cow, together with several of his neighbors, in a pasture about half a mile above his house. There is a man whom we will call Smith (a name perhaps familiar to all) who lives about a quarter of a mile below, who also pastures his cow there. R.'s and Smith's cow resemble each other very much, both being red and about the same size. One day last June about six o'clock, R. went up and got his cow, and it being rather early he let her feed a little in front of the house. Pretty soon Smith came along, and seeing, as he supposed, his cow standing in front of the house, he said: Isn't that cow intruding a little, neighbor R.?" "Oh, no," said R., "not at all; let her eat. Sit down and tell us what you think of the election." So Smith sat down and they talked quite a while, then he started to go, but R. wouldn't hear of it, and made him talk on, and so he kept him until about dark. Pretty soon Smith jumped up and said he guessed he most go, and started driving the cow down the street. He got her down a few rods when she dodged him and back she came. Smith swore a little at her and again headed her down the street. This time he got her down a little way further when she again wheeled past him and came rushing back to the house. Again he came back, pretty mad this time, and by the help of a club and some well assorted profanity, got her considerably further toward home; but in an unguarded moment she got past him and came prancing home. This time Smith was in a white heat, and as he reached the house almost in tears, R., who had been calmly watching the operations, stopped him and said he had a civil question to ask him, which was this: "What in thunder are you trying to do with my cow?" Smith took in the situation at a glance, and handed out the cigars, borrowed a lantern, and went up to the pasture after his own beast, who had been patiently waiting at the bars for him for two hours or more. If you want to see him get on his muscle just ask him if he wasn't the man who tried to steal R.'s cow.—*Lewiston (Me.) Gazette.*

THE following touching story is told by a truthful exchange: "A certain man in town who had never advertised was recently found dead under his counter, where he had been lying for two days. He was accidentally discovered by a boy who went in to get a nickel changed. As he never advertised, people had forgotten where his store was, and hence no one happened to discover the corpse until after decomposition had set in."

THE PATTER OF THE SHINGLE.

When the angry passions gathering in my mother's face I see,
And she leads me in the bedroom, gently lays me on her knee,
Then I know that I will catch it, and my flesh in fancy itches,
As I listen for the patter of the shingle on my breeches.

Every tinkle of the shingle has an echo and a sting,
And a thousand burning fancies into active being spring;
And a thousand bees and hornets 'neath my coat-tail seem to swarm,
As I listen to the patter of the shingle, oh so warm!

In a splutter comes my father—whom I supposed had gone—
To survey the situation and tell her to lay it on;
To see her bending o'er me, as I listen to the strain
Played by her and by the shingle in a wild and wierd refrain.

In a sudden intermission, which appears my only chance,
I say: "Strike gently, mother, or you'll split my Sunday pants;
She stops a moment, draws her breath, the shingle holds aloft,
And says, "I had not thought of that, my son, just take them off."

—*Buffalo Express.*

A DETECTIVE'S STORIES.

TWO KINDS OF LAW—A SMART FORGER AND A YOUNG LAWYER—A LITTLE EXPERIENCE WITH TRAMPS—A RECORDER'S CLIENT.

A New London (Conn.) correspondent of the *New York Times* writes as follows:

One of the best known detectives in this country was sitting on the port side of a catboat, in a down-East bay, the other day, and I was sitting on the starboard. We had nothing to do but smoke cigars and tell stories, for a bronzed old Yankee fisherman was at the helm. It is hard to get a detective started at telling stories, but start him once and he runs on like a town pump. These are some of his stories:

I.

"You know Charley De Young, of San Francisco, who lately fired Kalloch into the Mayoralty? He was in New York not long ago, and he wanted to see the sights. We had met in San Francisco, so he came to me and asked me to show him around. He was particularly anxious to see some of the curiosities of the Twenty-ninth Precinct, so I took him up to that station-house and introduced him to Captain Williams. There was a copy of "Coke on Evidence" on the desk in the Captain's private room, and the Captain's distinguished caph lay alongside of it. Captain Williams is very courteous kinds, and at once offered to show us anything in his precinct that we wanted to see.

"'You have all the law here, Captain,' said De Young, pointing to the law-book, and the club.

"'Yes,' replied Capt. Williams, 'that's Coke on Evidence, and that's my club; and there's more law in six inches of that club than there is in the whole book.'"

II.

"One of the most expert forgers that ever appeared in this country," the detective continued, "was caught in Massachusetts lately, convicted, and sentenced to 10 years' imprisonment. He had not been in prison more than three months, when to the astonishment of the jailer, a pardon came for him, in due form, all signed by the Governor and duly countersigned. There was nothing to be done but liberate the prisoner, and he walked out. But he had not been gone long before the jailer discovered that the prisoner had managed, through his friends, to get a blank pardon from the Governor's office, had filled it out himself, and cleverly forged the signatures, and had then passed it out to his friends again, to be mailed to the jailer in proper shape. The clever forger had not got far enough away to escape, and he was arrested and sent back to prison. He employed a young New York lawyer whose name is familiar through the fame of his father, and told him the story. 'They have no right to lock you up again,' said the lawyer, 'having once liberated you, without legally proving that the pardon is a forgery. I can get you out but it will cost you $1,500.' 'Go ahead,' said the forger. The lawyer went ahead, gained his case, and expected to get his money. 'I am going out West immediately,' said the forger, as soon as he was free. 'My father, who is a wealthy man, owns a thirty-thousand dollar farm in Kansas, and he has just sent this letter, begging me to come home and lead an honest life, and telling me to draw on him for $2,000 to pay my bills. I am his only son, and I have always been a high-liver; but this life is coming to an end; I shall settle down on my father's farm and be an honest man,' and he showed the letter, a pathetic production from an afflicted parent. 'I shall need $1,000 of the money to pay some little bills,' continued the forger, 'and here is a draft I have made on my father for the $2,000. If you can give me a check for $1,000 I will give you the draft, and will send you the other $500 as soon as I get home.'

"The lawyer read the letter carefully, drew a check for $1,000, handed it to his client, and received the draft for $2,000. About ten days after the draft was deposited in a bank for collection it came back with the message that the man on whom it was drawn had been dead for eight years, and wasn't worth a cent when he was alive.

III.

"My father is a Scotchman," the detective went on, as he lit another cigar "and you know the Scots are very clannish. One day when he was away, and I was sitting at a desk in his private office, I heard some one in the outer office inquiring for Mr. ——. 'Do you want to see the old gentleman or the young gentleman?' I heard one of the clerks ask the visitor. He said it did not make any difference which, and they showed him into me. He was a little red-whiskered and red-haired Scotchman, and looked as if he hadn't brushed his clothes or had a good meal for two weeks at least.

"'Oh! Mr. ——,' he began in good Scotch, 'I'm glad to see you. I knew your father well—knew him in Glasgow.' As my father came from Glasgow, I thought maybe he was telling the truth; so I asked him some questions, and he got everything straight. He said he had been at work in Patterson, but the strikes had nearly driven him to starvation, and he had come to his old friend, my father to ask for help. I gave him $10 out of the old gentleman's money, and he went off thankful, the next time I wrote to my father I told him about this man, and he wrote back that he didn't remember the name, but that if he was a Scotchman he guessed it was all right. It wasn't more than a week after this when another Scotchman came in and inquired for me. He was shown in, and he had no more than got into the room than he began to show as much joy as if he had found his long-lost brother.

"'I'm delighted to see you again,' said he, with as good a Scotch accent as the other. 'I used to know you in Glasgow, and I'm really glad to meet you again.'

"'As I was born in this country, and never was in Glasgow in my life,' the detective continued, 'I began to take a little drop, as the boys say; so I said that I must have been very young, then.

"'Oh, that you were,' said he, smiling, 'a wee bit of a lad, not more than so high,' (measuring with his hands). 'Many's the time I've carried you about in my arms.'

"'I handed him a dollar,' said the detective, 'and told him I had sent all the money to the bank, but that if he would drop in next day, I would do something for my old Scotch comrade. As soon as he was out of the door I sent one of the detectives to follow him. The detective came back and reported that he had followed the man around several corners, and that he was joined by a short Scotchman, with red hair and whiskers, who asked him, "How much did you get?" and was greatly disappointed when he learned that it was only $1. I immediately recognized my first visitor by the description, and when the other man called again the next morning, I helped him gently down the office steps."

IV.

"There was a family of burglars in New York who were always getting into trouble, and always got Recorder —— to help them out. The Recorder is an able lawyer, must have made thousands of dollars out of them, for he always charged very able fees. But he hasn't defended any of that family for some years, and very few people know the reason; but I'll tell you why. The family were getting pretty short of funds, and one of the brothers was caught in a burglary. They went to the Recorder to get him out, but he said he would not touch the case for less than $2,000, to be paid as soon as the brother was out. They tried to beat down the price, but the Recorder was immovable. 'Then we'll pay him the money,' said one of the other brothers, 'and much good may it do him.' The Recorder argued the case, got the prisoner off scot free, and was paid the $2,000 in United States bonds, which he put in a little satchel, and started for home in the cars, for the case was tried in a little town not far from New York. One of the other brothers followed him into the cars, and took the bonds out of the satchel very neatly, and before dark they were back in the hands of their old owners. The Recorder hasn't done anything for this family since. He and the burglars are out.

"There was a case—" the detective was beginning, but just then the cat-boat ran aground, and the detective and I had to get out into the mud and push her off.

A REIGN OF SNAKES.

A RAILROAD BLOCKADED WITH THEM —A TRAIN HALTED.

A communication in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says:

In Northwest Missouri, where ex-Governor R. M. Stewart resided years before and after his political career, up to the time of his death, many of the old citizens love to tell of his brilliant conversational powers and inexhaustible fund of anecdotes. The Governor often told of the difficulties he had to surmount, and in one of his happiest moods he related a snake story which I have never seen in print. In those days, said the Governor, snakes were uncommonly numerous, and infested certain portions of the State to such an extent that farmers often had to pack up their household wares and remove elsewhere.

During the building of the road I have seen them so troublesome and numerous that the hands would sometimes stop work and inaugurate a short campaign against them with shovels, axes, and clubs. The species were not vicious, the men being hardly ever bitten, but the great vexation consisted in their sociability and perfect indifference to danger. They apparently were utterly devoid of that instinct of self-preservation with which the Almighty endows every creature. At night they would sometimes make sleep impossible by hissing and squirming in and about the tents, and during the day they would vex the men beyond endurance by running between their legs and otherwise annoying them. They were not considered dangerous, being of the species known as prairie flowers. It was only now and then that a rattler was discovered among them, and death was sure to follow, for the men would always stop and find time to chase one until he was overtaken and his head chopped off.

The men always dreaded a shower, for then the snakes were the worst. They would literally swarm out on the prairies and travel in schools. On one occasion of construction in Livingstone county, the construction engine with three flat cars was at the last camping place, about ten miles in the rear of the last completed track, it was there awaiting the loading of tools and spikes, which it was intended to convey to the end of the road. It had been raining all morning, but cleared up about noon, and when we pulled out after dinner the weather was pleasant for a little while.

We had traveled about half the distance when the engineer—I was riding on the engine—called my attention to hundreds of snakes crossing several hundred yards in front of us, the track for a short distance being black with them and entirely lost to sight. The engine-driver opened the throttle and in a few moments we were crushing through them. The drivers had not made more than two or three revolutions when they began to fly around at lightning rapidity, and the speed of the train was slackened. The wheels of the engine were almost clogged with crushed snakes, and still the track was partially buried with them for one hundred yards in front of us. We did not succeed in getting much more headway, when the train came to a standstill. We were unable to make our way through them, and aroused ourselves by knocking them off the engine. We were detained nearly an hour before the grand march of the serpents had crossed and we could proceed. They seemed to be moving that day, and the earth seemed to be alive with them; indeed they seemed to cover the earth.

CAUGHT IN A SWAMP.

A WOMAN RESCUED AFTER A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE OF EIGHT DAYS.

A special dispatch from Milford, Pa., says:

About two weeks ago a widow named Avery, about 45 years old, left her home, near Salem, Wayne county, Pa., to visit a brother living near the Lackawaxen river, in Pike county, Pa. She was making the trip on foot. While passing through a dense piece of woods in the western part of Lackawaxen township, it is believed she became lost her way and wandered into Tinkwig swamp, a short way to the right of the public highway, where she became fastened in the mire. When she found that she could not extricate herself, she called loudly for help, but as no one lived within some distance, her cries were not heard. Her struggling to free herself caused her to sink deeper and deeper in the mire in which she was caught. In this position she remained eight days, with no food except bark from bushes which grew within her reach. The water she drank she dipped from the bog with her hands. Mrs. Avery's brother, who was on the way to see was not aware of his sister's intended visit, and no search was made for the missing woman.

A man named Basden, residing in Lackawaxen township, happened to pass through Tinkwig swamp a few days ago. He was returning from Rowland, a few miles distant, to his home in the western part of Lackawaxen township, and carried his gun in the hope of killing some game. As he was passing along the edge of the swamp he heard a peculiar moaning noise. He at first thought it was the moaning of cattle that must be grazing in the woods. He paid no further attention, and passed on. The same noise was heard again, this time more distinctly. He followed in the direction of the noise, and was soon in the very heart of the swamp. He stopped again to listen further, when, looking to the right, he saw an object moving, which he found to be Mrs. Avery, struggling between life and death. He attempted to extricate her but failed, and was obliged to walk some distance for help. After giving notice to the nearest neighbors, he returned, accompanied by a number of men with a wagon. They finally succeeded in extricating the woman, and she was driven directly to a neighboring house and medical assistance obtained. Although Mrs.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - - - - NOV. 7, 1879.

IN another part of our paper will be found the prospectus of the *Scientific American* for 1880. It is published by Munn & Co., 37 Park Row, New York and is the most popular and best conducted scientific paper in the United States, or perhaps in the world, containing as it does a vast amount of useful information regarding new inventions, and also relating to manufactures, agriculture, natural history, etc. Its articles are presented in an attractive form, beautifully illustrated for the most part, and afford a constant supply of instructive reading. Its weekly perusal will amply repay the amount of the subscription.

THE results of the election last Tuesday can be briefly stated as follows: The majority in this State for Butler, the Republican candidate for State Treasurer, is nearly 40,000, owing mainly to the fact that in Philadelphia at least 20,000 Democrats *did not vote*. In New York, John Kelly and his Tammany Hall bolters succeeded in defeating Gov. Robinson, and in electing Cornell, the Republican candidate, by probably 20,000 majority. Kelly received about 40,000 votes in the city. There seems to be no doubt of the election of the balance of the Democratic State ticket, which secures the 47 electoral votes of that State in favor of an acceptable Democratic candidate for the Presidency, next year. Maryland and Mississippi were carried by the Democrats, while in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Illinois, and Michigan, the Republicans, as usual, were successful. Gen. Butler has been again defeated for Governor of Massachusetts, this time by about 10,000 majority. In Virginia, where the only exciting question was in reference to the honest payment of the State debt, the "Debt-Payers," as they are called, feel confident that they have elected a majority of the members of the Legislature over those who advocated a partial repudiation of the debt.

GEN. JOSEPH HOOKER died suddenly at Garden City, Long Island, on Friday last, in the 65th year of his age. He was a native of Massachusetts and a graduate of West Point, and served through the Mexican war, after which he resigned from the army and took up his residence in California. When the rebellion broke out he came East to accept a military appointment under the Government. He served under Gen. McClellan and from his dash and daring soldierly qualities acquired the title of "Fighting Joe Hooker," by which he was afterwards so well known throughout the war. After Burnside's defeat at Fredericksburg, in December, 1862, he was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Potomac, and in May, 1863, suffered a total defeat by the rebels under Lee and Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorville. Gen. Meade succeeded him in June, and in July fought and gained the decisive battle of the war at Gettysburg. In November, 1863, he commanded in the action of Lookout Mountain, Tennessee, which Grant says never took place, but which Hooker indignantly maintained it was a terrible and bloody reality. Owing to a paralytic stroke, he resigned his commission in 1866, and was placed on the retired list. He will long be remembered by those who knew him for his excellent social qualities, and his name will go down in history as one of the heroes of the "Great Rebellion."

THE election of Thomas Griffith, the Republican candidate, to the office of Sheriff of Cambria county, on Tuesday last, was very far from being the entertainment for which we supposed the Democracy would be invited. We knew and said that he would prove to be a most formidable candidate, for the reason that he had shown remarkable strength when he ran for County Treasurer in 1878. That he would, however, be elected Sheriff was never, we confess, dreamed of in our political philosophy, and that he would not to-day be the Sheriff elect of Cambria county if the affairs of the FREEMAN had been acted on, is just as certain as that the night will follow the day. Without saying anything about the proceedings of the first county convention and its *sine die* adjournment, the great blunder of the campaign was committed when the County Committee, *packed for that purpose*, adopted a resolution, by one of a majority, directing its Chairman to issue a call for its reassembling. That action of the County Committee was the sole cause of all the trouble that followed, and our readers will remember how earnestly we urged the Committee not to call the dead convention back again, but to direct the election of new delegates to another convention. The members of that convention, no matter who he might have been, would have been elected beyond all doubt or cavil, and to-day the Democracy of the county would not stand defeated before their ancient enemy. What took place at the second convention—first, the nomination of Kirby, as claimed by him and his friends, and secondly the nomination of Nagle, as claimed by him and his friends; then the offer of Kirby to withdraw if Nagle would do likewise, and the latter's refusal to comply—and this anomalous condition of things lasting for weeks, begetting crimination and recrimination—produced a breach which Kirby's subsequent withdrawal from the contest was powerless to heal.

MR. Nagle's defeat is due not to his party record, but especially as it affects himself in a worldly point of view. He recently said, as is well known, with a crushing loss by the burning of his valuable flour mill properly, and we indulged the hope that this sudden calamity would have appealed to Democrats everywhere in the county to forget their differences, close up their broken ranks, and present a solid front in his favor. But the result has unfortunately been otherwise, owing to the perverseness of human nature when ruled and the plain dictates of duty are permitted to become the willing slaves of prejudice and passion.

ZACHARIAH CHANDLER, U. S. Senator from Michigan, was found dead in his bed at the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, on last Saturday morning. He was 60 years of age, and was a native of New Hampshire. At the time of his death he was on his return from a stumping tour in Wisconsin to Detroit, where he resided. He was not a professional man, but was a dry goods merchant, in which he amassed a large fortune. He served three full terms as Senator—was Secretary of the Interior for a short time previous to the close of Grant's administration, and when he died was serving out the unexpired term in the Senate of A. P. Christianey, which would have ended in March, 1881. It is an old maxim, and one worthy of all acceptation, to "say nothing of the dead but that which is good," and bearing this in mind it is difficult for a Democrat familiar with the dead Senator's public career, to do him impartial justice. The best thing that can be said of him is, that he was not corrupt, like so many of our public men, and never prostituted his official position for personal gain or emolument. To call him a "great statesman," as the Republican journals are now doing, is simply a burlesque on the term. He was not even recognized as a trusted party leader, but was notoriously only as a bold, unscrupulous politician, and will forever be known as the man who set on foot, on the morning after the Presidential election in 1876, the infamous scheme, which proved successful, to defeat the will of the American people in the election of Samuel J. Tilden and Thomas A. Hendricks. His hatred of the South and its people was intensely chronic, and pervaded every fibre of his nature, and only on the night before his death he delivered one of his characteristic speeches at a Republican meeting in Chicago full of gall and bitterness. He had none of the milk of human kindness in his veins for the conquered South, and if he could have had his own sweet will gratified, no rebel brigadier would have lived to confront him in the Senate and thus cheat the country, as he claimed, of one of the glorious results of the war. As every dark cloud is said to have its silver lining, so Zachariah Chandler had his bright and better side, and is represented by those who knew him best to have given freely of his wealth to charitable purposes—to have been a friend to the poor, and always willing to lend a helping hand to any one who was in need and deserved assistance. Without a tithe of the ability of Thaddeus Stevens, the contrast between the public and private life of this arch enemy of rebels is as remarkable and creditable as it was in the career of the Pennsylvania Moloch of anti-masonry.

WHENEVER a movement is made in Ireland looking to the relief of the tenantry from the exactions and oppression of the landlords, and especially if it be coupled with the notion of the ultimate establishment of Irish independence, an organized scheme is started in this country by a ring of Irishmen to fleece their countrymen and their countrywomen out of a portion of their hard earnings, ostensibly to help along the cause at home, but really to enable the prime movers to better their own pecuniary condition. How the Irish people in this country have been time and again swindled by these professed friends of Irish liberty is only too well known. A renewed attempt of the kind having been projected in the Eastern cities, Bishop Hendricken, of Pre-Emenc, Rhode Island, who is himself an Irishman, took occasion to refer to the matter in his sermon on last Sunday week, and gave the following sound advice to his hearers:

> Some there are who ask for money to pinance the country into a revolution, money to buy up ships and prey upon English commerce, to buy gunpowder and dynamite to blow up barracks, but the people should take heed and discountenance all such wild revolutionary schemes. Ireland will never be made free from this side of the water. If asked to subscribe to keep up a peaceable agitation I would not of the right stamp to Parliament, that is right, reasonable, and proper, but don't give your money to every one who comes shouting for Ireland, and professes all sorts of impracticable measures. Such men boast of belonging to Free Ireland, and yet cannot make themselves independent, never, and perhaps, fired off a gun or revolver in their lives. These are the kind of Irish politicians who stand around bar-rooms, and, until their froth and foam of beer, should burnish for Ireland, and want to have a fight. You, my dear people, have treated, and so did I; but let not one of you be led by a shrieking politician."

WE publish this week the prospectus for 1880 of that well known, popular, and widely circulated paper, the New York *Sun*. Any one who will read the prospectus will understand precisely what kind of a paper the *Sun* is, what the things are in which its editor believes and how he proposes to conduct it during the important Presidential election of next year. That the *Sun* is a most able, fearless and thoroughly independent journal cannot be a matter of doubt to any person who reads it. It always contains the very latest domestic and foreign news of the day, expressed in a reasonable space, and, is therefore easily understood. Its circulation is larger than that of any other American newspaper in existence.

THE HEAVIEST, TALLEST AND OLDEST MEN.—The tallest men of whom record is made were a German named Hans Bar and a Hungarian soldier, name not given, who lived several centuries ago, each of them being 11 feet high; their weight is not known. The heaviest man of whom record is made was Miles Darden, the Tennessee giant who was 7½ feet high and weighed over 1,000 pounds; he died in 1857. Daniel Lambert, the English "mass of flesh," was 5 feet and 11 inches in height and weighed 739 pounds. In 1505 there was buried in Bengal, India, a man named Cugna, who claimed to be 370 years of age. The oldest person who died during the present century was a Frenchman in Paris named Jean Gedemeski, who was 120 years old. A man named David Kennison died in Chicago in 1851, who claimed to be 116 years old.

ALMOST YOUNG AGAIN.—My mother was afflicted a long time with Neuralgia and a dull, heavy, inactive condition of the whole system; headache, nervous prostration, and was almost helpless. No physician or medicines did her any good. Three months ago she began to use Hop Bitters, with such good effect that she seems and feels young again, although over 70 years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family.—A lady in Providence (R. I.) *Journal*.

The "National Militia" Scheme.

As the various schemes to increase the regular standing army have failed to attract popular favor, the Military Ring at Washington, speaking through the mouth of Gen. Benet, Chief of Ordnance, have proposed an indirect method of reaching their end. Now they want to establish a so-called "National Militia," to be two hundred thousand strong, and officered by graduates of West Point. No proposition of this kind ever submitted to the public has been more offensive in design or more openly defiant of the Constitution and the laws made in pursuance thereof.

The framers of the Constitution frowned upon a standing army, and in authorizing Congress "to raise and support armies" they hedged in the power with a condition that "no appropriation of money to that use shall be for a longer term than two years." They relied upon the "militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrections, and repel invasions," because they came from the body of the people, and had the greatest interest in preserving free institutions. Congress was empowered "to provide for organizing, arming and disciplining the militia and for governing such part of them as may be employed in the service of the United States," but with this positive condition affixed, "reserving to the States respectively the appointment of the officers."

The act of May 8, 1792, section 1,631 of the Revised Statutes, following this command, provides that "the militia of each State shall be arranged into divisions, brigades, regiments, battalions, and companies, *as the Legislature of the State may direct*." Of course, when called into the actual service of the United States to repel invasion, or to suppress insurrection, they became subject, from the necessity of discipline and unity, to the rules and articles of war.

It is thus seen that the Constitution explicitly "reserves to the States respectively the appointment of the officers" of whatever militia they might raise for any public emergency. And this clause may be said to draw the line most clearly between the authority of the United States and that of the States acting in their individual and independent capacity.

To protect the Union against foreign enemies and to preserve it against domestic violence the people agreed to furnish a militia from their own ranks, to be commanded by the President of the United States "when called into actual service." But even then, however supreme the crisis might be, they were under their own officers, appointed by the Executive or chosen under the laws of their own States. The volunteers who rushed to the front in 1861 were officered by their own associates.

The Chief of Ordnance now coolly proposes to kill the vital spark of the militia system; to reconstruct it as a tail to West Point; to distribute the two hundred thousand militiamen over the country, with a corrupting bait of seven hundred for each Congressional district, and to vote five millions from the general taxes as a sterling appropriation for a new standing army, greater than that of England.

This monstrous scheme is another step in the direction of that centralization which, disguised under the name of nationality, is designed to destroy the existence of the States by a gradual process of emasculation, and which, if carried out to its logical and intended conclusion, would build up an imperial power at Washington, backed by astanding army ready to execute its command and, finally, to sell the sceptre to the highest bidder.

There is nothing insidious in the project. It is an insolent and atrocious assault on the Constitution, the laws, and the liberties of the people, by an officer of the regular army.—*New York Sun*.

HOW A YOUNG LADY RECOVERED HER VOICE.—The Peoria (Ill.) *Transcript* says:

> In December last, a young woman named Maggie Letts was suddenly stricken dumb from the effects of the ague (Peoria) taken on into the autumn and three last fall she was on fire and then again chilled and burned by turns. Numerous doctors and hags used to be in the neighborhood, and tinkered her into the city in a condition more dead than alive. Two months ago she was given up to die. From that time on to Thursday last struggle has never been able to articulate a word, or even make a noise, except a hoarse whisper. Attending the Reformed Church of this city, and being a member of the singing of a berry of little girls. The following morning she sent out to the rest, she forwarded an envelope, and, thinking of those songs, wrote in it for her friends to repeat them. She could not have done a more touching thing. She tried again and succeeded. Her voice and speech returned. In her was enact the struggles her own locked and full into the Reformed Church, and the first words she spoke—she could talk. In a short time the newspapers through the neighborhood, and much suggestion was made that a donation party be held at Dowd's, neighbors, all acquainted with her and gather some token of appreciation of her great fortune. Tuesday evening last was the time appointed, and the place was Dowd's. The house was full of young people, and the presents were numerous and costly. Miss Letts was taken away by a companion in the wagon that was to have carried the plunder.

A TOBACCO-CHEWING INFANT.—The Reno (Nev.) *Gazette* says:

> W. S. Hamm, formerly a merchant of Washoe City, has a little boy of nine who has chewed and smoked tobacco for six years. He learned the art from an old man who worked for his father, and the two kept it secret for nearly a year. At first a pipe was used, but after a time the boy got a "cigar" from a tobacconist, and smoked him into a part of it under the disguise. He became addicted to the habit, and after a little how he got the best of the pair ever had to deal with. He now chews from two to three plugs of tobacco a week, which he pilfers from his father's store. Before using the weed he was subject to fainting spells, but since he has become a confirmed chewer and smoker he has enjoyed excellent health. He is a bright boy, and is now learning to read. He is also learning to chew and smoke cigarettes. He is a queer specimen of humanity.

A DEMOCRATIC EVANGELIST.—The Washington *News and Fidelity* of Friday says:

> Last Sunday, ex-Congressman Kenna, of West Virginia, was riding along the banks of New River, on his way to Mercer county, to address the sovereign voters of that fastidious, he discovered a negro standing in the road, with his head in a dilapidated concern consisting of an ancient chair and a more antique horse attached to an enlarged wagon. Suddenly the donkey struck a deep hole, from which he could not extricate himself, and the passengers, the other having mounted the horse, which, after desperate efforts, succeeded in reaching the shore, jumping the mule and waggon where after him. The box fooled with the other negro on his knees praying for deliverance, but making no attempt to save himself. Seeing that the negro had no one to help him, Mr. Kenna plunged in and pulled the box and its frightened occupant ashore. Upon reaching terra firma the darky dropped on his knees, and with hands uplifted to heaven, said: "O Lord, I'se gwine to preach de best sermon you ever heard, if you'll only help me. I'se for you!" "Nothing" replied Kenna quietly, mounting his horse, "except to vote the straight Democratic ticket the balance of your life." "Fo' de Lord, I will," replied the happy darkey. "I'll do it, shuah, and get all de members of my church to do the same."

SLEEPERS NINETY YEARS AGO.—The Fayetteville (Penn.) *Express* says:

> Mrs. J. C. Boggs, of Manchester, a daughter of the lamented John Hill, of conflagration fame, was a visitor Tuesday, and exhibit of some curiosities of the past in the shape of a pair of slippers worn by her grandmother on her wedding day nearly 90 years ago. It is said that fashion is people itself, and we are struck with the truth of this observation while inspecting the sepulchrous shoes. The toes are sharp, and the heels are carved sick of a very superior quality, as it is retained by its remarkable state of preservation; and the heels which are of wood are shaped precisely like all the fashionable heels of the present ladies of to-day. The instep is not high, and the slipper is held to the foot by two bows to be tied behind, worn crossing and clasped with silver buckles. The age of the lady whose slippers were sent to Mrs. Hough by relatives living in New Hampshire.

REMARKABLE presence of mind was recently exhibited by a miner employed in a shaft in Sharp Mountain, near Pottsville, Pa. He had lighted a fuse and was coming to the surface by means of ropes in the side of the shaft. When up a few feet he saw the end of the fuse was gone and ran to the bottom, thirty feet below. One of his fellows was looking down the shaft to see if the fuse was burning. He perceived the miner coming down with lightning speed, and when he reached the bottom he was taken away by a companion in the wagon that was to have carried the plunder.

The Democratic editors at Pittsburgh City is now known to the world as the "Gazette Times." Let Boyle it for the change, and the Democratic party will be satisfied.

Among the curiosities received at the Centennial Exhibition is a pair of slippers worn by Mrs. Washington, which are of white satin, and are nearly as large as those worn by the present generation of Indians about the size of a man's boot. The heels are very high, and the shoes are pointed at the toes. They are said to be in a good state of preservation.

—Gen. Ben Butler thinks that clergymen ought to pray for the public morals simply because, in proportion to their numbers, there are more Republican Bank Presidents and Senators in the State prison than there are workingmen. He wants them to pray for pure politics, and when they get God to purify the Republican party we shall reach a pretty fair level in politics.

—George R. Andrews, a well known citizen of Indiana, residing at Muncie was arrested on the evening of his marriage, and while the bridal party were at supper, on a charge of causing the death of a Miss Fanny F. Burgess, a handsome and respectable girl of Frankfort, to whom he had been paying attentions for two or three years. The young lady died the afternoon on which Andrews was married, and just before her death confessed that Andrews had procured the services of a physician in Cincinnati to hide their crime, and that her sickness was caused by malpractice. Andrews was held to answer in $2,500 bail.

—A destructive fire occurred at Park-er, Pa., on Thursday morning, originating at half past three o'clock in a small office. It was evidently the work of an incendiary. The flames spread so rapidly on account of high winds and a scarcity of water that but little could be done to arrest their progress until that portion of the town lying between the Mansion House and Wilcox and Mansfield's dry goods house and from the river to the bluff was totally destroyed. About one hundred buildings were burned, comprising the principal business portion of the town, and involving a loss of probably $200,000, upon which there was but little insurance, as the policies were generally cancelled.

—A dispatch from Brookville, Jefferson county, says oil has at last been found in that county. Almost two years ago a company was formed in the south side and operations commenced on Stump creek, about five miles west of Punxsutawney; but the progress has been slow and though often times work has been stopped for want of funds, yet the enterprise never was abandoned, and now success has crowned the enterprise, an oil has been reached at a depth of over 1,500 feet, and the well will be cased at once and its capacity tested. It is thought to be a five barrel well, but no matter how small the quantity in this well, it proves the long-disputed fact as to whether oil existed in that county.

—A Madrid dispatch to the N. Y. *Herald*, dated Oct. 31st, says: Since yesterday the principal railroad lines of Aragon, Catalonia and Navarre have been interrupted by gales and floods, chiefly in the valley of the Ebro, where the water has risen several metres above the ordinary level and destroyed the line between Saragossa and Catalonia for fifteen miles, flooded the Valley of Tortosa, carried away houses, mills and bridges, and caused damage to the extent of several millions of pesetas. In upper Aragon, near Huesca, the River Cinca has invaded several villages, cut the railway embankment and carried away an iron bridge at Sariscna. Telegraphic communication is very irregular to-day, but the governors of Alicante and Malaga report that the floods have left over his whole of Andalusia, and caused a very disastrous flood in the rural districts and in the town of Malaga. The river Almanzora flooded its valley and destroyed forty houses. Sixty persons were drowned.

LIBRARY OF UNIVERSAL KNOWLEDGE.—Volume two of this very excellent, and truly unique publication has just been issued from the press. It is handsomely printed and well bound in cloth. Its 750 neatly printed and well bound pages contain a wealth of knowledge, compressed in the alphabet between the words Arundel and Birmingham, as it is safe to say, was never before procurable for the trifling sum of 50 cents. The 20 vols. of which this work will consist, will, in addition to the articles on the various subjects usually found in cyclopedias, contain as many more incidentally mentioned subjects with complete index, are sufficient of themselves to afford a liberal education to any one of intellect to spend it upon. Such works as these are finding their way into the hands of hundreds of thousands of those whose love of knowledge has never before been above their power to buy it at the great price charged for cyclopedias of former years. Throughout this country, alike, of which equal this in the amount or matter given. Volume three will be ready on the 15th inst. Specimen and descriptive pamphlets will appear about two such month thereafter. The publishers will send a specimen volume, which may be returned if not wanted, to any part of the United States, for the price, half a dollar, in postage stamps, in cents, or an extra five heavy paper, with margins, bound in half Russia, gilt top, for $1.00. Their catalogue of standard publications will be sent free on application. AMERICAN BOOK EXCHANGE, Publishers, 55 Beekman street, New York.

A Mother's Grief.

The grief of a mother, the light and joy of home, are for ever shadowed when her child is stricken down with Consumption, and she sees it wasting away before her eyes. Her grief is only equalled by her anxiety to try every remedy that promises relief. Such a mother should not neglect to use SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE. It will relieve, and will cure. Sold by all druggists. Price, 25 cts. Sold by E. Rodgers, Druggist, Ebensburg. [9-19—3 w.m.]

"The Best I Ever Knew Of."

J. H. Stanley, a prominent and influential citizen of Lockport, N. Y., was troubled with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint for several years, and knew not what remedy I could take to, without any relief whatever, until I saw your Shiloh's Vitalizer advertised. I procured a bottle and began to try it. I can truly testify that it has entirely cured me. It is certainly the best remedy I ever knew. Sold by E. Rodgers, Druggist, Ebensburg. [9-19—3 w.m.]

THE SUN for 1880.

THE SUN will deal with the events of the year 1880 in its own fashion, now pretty well understood by many readers. It will print the news, it will discuss it as a newspaper should, and it will endeavor to make its columns entertaining and profitable to the intelligent men and women for whom it is published.

As a newspaper THE SUN believes in getting all the news it can get, and in printing it in the form most intelligible, compact, and cheap. In the State House square, and from the Ledger Building, half-way to Penn Building, by squares or parts of squares. Inquire of the agent for these Goods; from 48 per yard to 5 per yard, and sometimes the prices are from 8 to 25 per cent. less than is asked elsewhere. JOHN WANAMAKER.

No. 4.

D.—GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

In the first place we have 45 sewing machines running in Gentlemen's and Boys' Shirts alone. Then we have Collars and Cuffs, Suspenders, Knit Jackets, &c., all the little things a gentleman needs for his toilet.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

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This is an excellent section for Ladies, because we buy so largely of Woolen Goods in the Clothing Department that we can select at the best of wholesale stores and, besides, our long experience gives us knowledge of the wearing qualities of goods We sell no article simply because it will sell. A piece of goods must be both reliably good, Ladies' Sacques rings and goods for Little Children's Clothes in great variety.

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JOHN WANAMAKER.

No. 10.

H.—REAL AND IMITATION LACES, RUCHINGS, LADIES' CUFFS, COLLARS AND TIES.

In no department of our business is the fair profit principle more noticeable than here. People tell us they have been accustomed to pay double the prices we have some of our goods marked. That low prices please is manifest by the throng always selecting at the counters. It is almost impossible to keep a full assortment, as the goods go out so rapidly. The Ruchings and some other made-up goods are made in our own premises. About thirty hands are employed at this work under a skilled designer. We copy the foremost patterns and sell them at prices within reach of everybody.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

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L.—COSTUMES, CLOAKS AND WRAPS.

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Ready-made dresses and Cloaks in large variety.

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Such a large stock as to talented by our Mr. Walton, a practical hatter of 25 years' reputation, is not to be found in any retail house in the country, though there are wholesale houses of the proper style on the most moderate scale. Nobody can fail to think they can get hats easier in certain places, though there are only a few intrinsic makes of Hats in the country. These Goods, We can furnish better styles than others, but we can and do retail large, exceptionally and lower prices.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

No. 17.

N.—HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR DEPARTMENT.

The large stock in this Department would stock a dozen ordinary stores. We are compelled to carry a large stock, because we keep the finest Ladies, Misses' Children's and Gentlemen's, for sale direct to the consumer at wholesale prices. Departmental goes direct to the French, English and Irish towns, where the goods are made, and orders given throughout the season as needs and crowds. We receive the newest and most elegant direct from Paris. We keep all the Celebrated Hosiery and Underwear, and the Perfect Fastners. A special department for Infants.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

No. 18.

N. N.—GLOVES.

It is safe to say that there is no such stock of Kid Gloves in Philadelphia as here. We are sole representatives of the Jouin and Alexandre and Foster makers of Kid Gloves.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

No. 19.

N. N. N.—UMBRELLAS.

Besides a full stock of Silks, Alapacas, Lenatines and Ginghams, we import from London and Paris many unique and original handles which are not seen elsewhere. JOHN WANAMAKER.

No. 20.

N. N. N. N.—SPECIAL COUNTER FOR GENTS' EXTRA FINE FURNISHING GOODS.

Immediately at Chestnut street entrance, with only the finest novelties in Neckwear, Studs, Scarfs and Cuffs, &c. JOHN WANAMAKER.

No. 21.

O.—LADIES', MISSES' GENTS' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES.

Aiming to supply good Shoes of right shapes and at small profit prices, we are exceeding beyond our expectations. We meet every reasonable demand upon us for satisfaction in every respect. There is no other popular quality in the United States where a choice can be made from a stock in Shoes and Rubber Goods of over $100,000.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

No. 22.

O. O.—RUBBER GOODS.

This is a large department of useful things, such as Gossamer Coats, Waterproof Garments for Ladies, Gents and Children, and the largest buyers of these goods in the city and our prices are made very low by this fact.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

No. 23.

O. O. O.—TRUNKS, VALISES, BAGS, &c.

Every requisite for Travelers in this Section.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

No. 24.

P.—MEN'S CLOTHING.

Fronting on Market street, near centre entrance, we have a splendid assortment of Suits, Overcoats, &c., made up in the most fashionable styles, under our own personal supervision. The Clothing we sell can be depended upon as sound in quality and most reasonable in price.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

No. 25.

P. P.—BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

Those who deal in Clothing and do not make it must sell higher than those who manufacture. We have made this class of goods for nearly twenty years, and we are the leading head for Boys' Clothing. We receive it direct from the work rooms on our own premises, and can supply pieces at all times for mending. Our retail prices are as low as dealers pay at wholesale.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

No. 26.

Q.—CUSTOM TAILORING.

We have excellent Cutters to measure and make garments to order for those who prefer it. A choice of at least one hundred styles of goods may be had. We guarantee to fit, and do not make it disagreeable to those who return what does not exactly please us. JOHN WANAMAKER.

THE GREAT DRY GOODS AND OUTFITTING HOUSE
OF PHILADELPHIA,

COVERING THE BLOCK FROM THIRTEENTH STREET TO NEW CITY HALL AND FROM CHESTNUT STREET, THROUGH ENTRANCE, EXTENDING TO MARKET STREET.

The Space Occupied on Ground Floor is 95,250 Square Feet.
The Space Occupied in Galleries is 36,805 Square Feet.
The Space Occupied in Basement is 46,870 Feet.
Giving a Grand Total of 179,025 Square Feet, amounting to 4 11-100 Acres, all in active use in Retailing DRY GOODS and FANCY GOODS.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

The Formal Opening
—OF THE—
REFITTED AND ENLARGED HOUSE
IS NOW AN ACCOMPLISHED FACT!

Though our vast premises seemed abundantly large for our business, yet the wonderful increase of the past year made it necessary to provide additional accommodations. Spacious Galleries, of easy access, commanding fine views of the five places, have been erected to afford required room. Other changes have been made that will give comfort to the thousands who like the Grand Depot and approve of its methods of business.

The Millinery, Upholstery, House Supply and China Departments are greatly enlarged.

A new and comfortable Ladies' Room has been provided, where those who buy at the various counters and desire to pay for all at one time, can get the goods and make payments without delay.

The New Stations to Receive Cash, and the Electric Bells to call Cash Boys, will prevent delays in making change. We are confident that the time taken is not any more than is requisite to conduct business by a safe system to all clerks.

We mean to meet every expressed wish of our customers, if in our power, both in the stock on sale and in the conveniences of the establishment. None but Courteous Clerks and Experienced Heads of Departments shall hold places in the Grand Depot, if we know it. By truly serving our customers we hope to prove the value of the plans we have fixed upon that have only as yet been partially developed. Without disparaging others we propose to attend strictly to developing the business of the Grand Depot.

The first markets in the world, the places where goods are produced, are being visited by our buyers, who are expected Without intermediate profits we will transfer the goods to our counters and give them to our customers with one fair profit.

Our relations with foreign houses are now being rapidly perfected.

No subterfuges will be permitted in selling goods. The customers who buy of us will buy fairly, and, even after they have bought, may return the goods if they desire, though the article be a silk velvet cloak pattern or a satin dress pattern. We mean to deal liberally with our customers, because they deal liberally with us. We will trust our customers to do right by us, and ask them to trust us to do right by them. When we fail to do this, we ask that it may be pointed out.

THERE ARE NOW FORTY DEPARTMENTS.

No. 1.

A.—SILKS AND VELVETS

Located in front of the Chestnut Street Entrance, with excellent light, a stock of about $2,000 on hand, all the best staple makes of Black and Colored Silks, with the choicest and nearest novelties.

To be reliable in this class of goods is a very difficult thing, as there is much adulteration in silk materials, but we guarantee all that we sell. A dark room is adjacent to show colors by gaslight.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

No. 2.

B.—BLACK AND MOURNING GOODS.

Directly across the aisle from Silks is the large and splendid Department. We are building up a reputation for this department, and deserve it. Those who, from choice or otherwise, wear black will be astonished at the assortment kept and the moderation of prices. JOHN WANAMAKER.

No. 3.

C.—DRESS GOODS.

Eleven entire counters are devoted to these goods, making 165 lineal feet solely for the select Ladies' Dress Goods. This would make one counter, if cut in line, about twenty-three miles long, and extending from Fifth to Sixth street, the entire length of the State House square, and from the Ledger Building half-way to the Post Building, by square or parts of square. Inquire of the agent for these Goods; from 48 per yard to 5 per yard, and sometimes the prices are from 8 to 25 per cent. less than is asked elsewhere. JOHN WANAMAKER.

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Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY MORNING, · NOV. 7, 1879.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

HERE, THERE AND THE OTHER PLACE.

—Dr. J. L. McKee, Pittsburgh, Pa.

—A fine shoeblack on the P. R. R. will shortly be established at Gallitzin.

—Dr. Baker's great variety, for men and boys.

—Dr. Baker's.

—Winter shawls of all kinds and styles at Barker's.

—Dr. Baker's "5 & 7" year for everything in the Dry Goods line.

—Don't believe the "Publicans have resumed. The well has already reached a depth of 800 feet.

—Mr. Spade Cassidy is close calculation in this county fails to get it.

—Dr. Baker's.

—Dr. Baker's.

—Dr. Baker's

AMONG THE ICEBERGS.

EXCITING SCENES IN THE ANTARCTIC SEAS—A CLOSE RUN FROM DEATH.

The top-gallant sail was sheeted home and the yard hoisted. The braces were manned and, so, under a full foresail, a close reefed foretop sail, a full maintop sail and a maintop gallant sail, with square yards and a roaring gale our ship went bounding toward the icebergs. They were only half a mile distant now, and again the captain called "Another hand to the wheel." I went aft and found Thompson at the wheel to port. Taking hold of the spoke on the starboard rim, I said: "Jamie, I've come to help you." "All right," he replied, but without taking his eyes from the passage ahead or the stars beyond. The captain coming aft peered into our faces by the light of the binnacle. His face wore an anxious expression; but he appeared satisfied with the men at the wheel and said: "Good fellows! Now keep her right in the middle of that passage all the way through. I'll never open my mouth. The ship's in your hands, and all our lives depend on you." "We'll do our best, captain," we replied at once.

At the rate of ten knots an hour the ship entered the space between the bergs. On either hand they rose nearly perpendicular, two huge, massive walls of ice towering far above the ship's mast to the height of 300 feet from the water edge. The sea came rolling in at the opening and striking the crags diagonally on both sides recoiled and met in the middle of the space in a ridge of foam. As nearly as we could we kept the ship's bow right on this ridge, watching also the stars ahead by the leach of the maintopsail. Onward rushed the ship, the roar of the ocean resounding from the crags. For five minutes we steered steadily. The five minutes appeared like a life-time. The space between the bergs were getting narrower—now only a ship's length and a half. The bergs were approaching each other at the farthest end. Silently Thompson and I wrought at the wheel—neither of us spoke. By a kind of muscular consent we wrought to each other's hands. The space was narrowing. Should the ship be caught between these mill-stones of solid ice she would be crushed like an egg-shell and ground to powder. Should mast, yard or back stay get carried away—should sheet, tack or canvas yield to the strain—thirty men would find death and burial between two masses of polar ice. A thousand memories crowded into my mind at once. Our friends at home, mothers, sisters, brothers, sweethearts and wives hoped to see us again but whether they will or not depends upon these two mighty icebergs. Yet not a human voice is heard along the decks, as we rushed. Visibly the space at the other end is contracting. Little more than a quarter of a mile to run, and two minutes will clear us. The two minutes have passed and the space between the bergs is less than half a ship's length, but out from between their massive jaws has passed the whole length of the Formosa.

"My God! she has done it," Thompson exclaims. "Escaped, by Jupiter," I say, adding merely, "What a mercy we had no passengers." We had only run one hundred yards further when the two floating masses of ice came grinding together. Huge fragments, masses of tons in weight, dislocated by the concussion, spires and pinnacles of Nature's masonry, fell with a dull plunge into the deep. We were under lee of the bergs, nearly becalmed, and only saved by half a minute of time. "All hands aft!" roared the captain; "forward, the men have behaved nobly; give them a glass of rum each." I took down my "Old Jamaica" without any ceremony, for the weather was bitterly cold.

DEFRAUDED POLL.

A stranded sailor, with a parrot, some time since strolled along Hudson street, New York, and to Zachariah Green, Esquire, who did him some favor, he bequeathed the bird as a token of gratitude. Perched among the pots and pans and stoves, Poll whiled away the hours in chatter, much to the admiration of the veteran Zach, who is an old-timer in those parts and a gentleman of not very profound religious convictions. Owing to this last quality the bird's occasional recourse to very pronounced profanity did not at all disconcert him, and when John H. Evans, who lives on Bedford street, offered to purchase Poll as a playmate for the children, the creature was eloquently recommended to him. But Poll's sojourn in the nursery was of limited duration. When the new owner went home he was startled to find the wife of his bosom in a high state of virtuous indignation, the youth of the family buried in discreetly remote places, and the parrot calmly surveying the proceedings and swearing like a trooper.

Back to the Hudson street Desmith went the purchaser of the bird and demanded the return of his money; but Zachariah deliberately laughed the shekels and intimated that he intended sticking to the bargain. Then did sundry warfare run so high that the pair was arrested and taken to the Jefferson Market Court. The cage and parrot were there too, and it must be said that of all the unhappy looking birds that ever were fenced in such squabbles this particular specimen of ornithology was the meanest looking. His feathers were ragged, his beak was chipped, and he seemed unkempt generally. Then the deprived creature's character was presented to the Court, who replied that it looked disreputable enough for anything.

"Yes," quoth the complainant, "and I think that, under the circumstances, knowing it was to go among children, my wife was a justifiable referee."

"It was a square bargain," maintained the old Desmith, in a voice as hollow as his own kettles. "You didn't ask nothin' 'bout the bird's edyfycation, and I won't tell nothin' gratis."

"No matter, I think it a miserable trick," the other persisted.

"A miserable trick?" said Zach.—"Well, wot kind of a fowl do you call that? You had eyes. He ain't a perfect critter, nohow, and you might a-knowed that a bird what had been knocked around as he had and took pot-luck wasn't goin' 'bout singin' psalms and a-hoorin' the foxology. Don't you ever figger on Indin' Jack-tar's pol parrot turn out to be a bird of paradise. That's my argument."

It prevailed, too, and the purchaser took off to wreak terrible vengeance on that depraved parrot.

WHAT NANCY JANE SAID.—Nancy Jane Pratt lives with her husband on a farm in Iroquois county, Illinois. The other day she saw a man near the house with a gun and dog, and anxiously requested him to "git."

He answered:

"Oh, you ain't in any danger; I ain't huntin' old maids."

She went and got a gun too, and shot his dog dead. The man, somewhat intimidated, said:

"Do you mean to murder me?"

She answered:

"Oh, you ain't in any danger; I ain't huntin' for old fools."

Just then her husband came in, and the other man left in double-quick time.

A WOMAN always sits down on the floor to put on her shoes and stockings—a man never does. Why is this thus?—*Cincinnati Commercial.* Because she never allows him to put on her shoes and stockings for her, or at least—not if she is the kind of woman we hope she is.—*Boston Post.*

STILL LEADS THE VAN!

THE GOLDEN BUBBLE BURSTS,

BUT THE GREAT SUCCESS OF THE SEASON AT THE

Young America Clothing House

Is still a booming, bringing Relentless Slaughter to High Prices and Glad Tidings to all the People! Meantime Hundreds of Men, Women and Children continue to carry away armsful of Goods as the result of Fearful Financial Failures.

READ THE NEW PRICE LIST

—OF—

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

—AT THE—

BIG "BOSS" CLOTHING HOUSE

OF CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA!

WE SNATCHED THESE

GOODS AT PRICES SO LOW

that we can sell you anything you want in the line of Clothing at figures no one has ever dreamed of.

THE PEOPLE ARE WILD!

THE EXCITEMENT INCREASING!

A TERRIBLE PANIC FROM THE VERY START!

Customers will please call early in the morning to make their purchases, as we find it necessary in the afternoon to employ a police force to keep the surging mass of humanity in circulation.

FOLLOWING WE GIVE A FEW OF THE MANY BARGAINS WE OFFER TO CASH BUYERS:

A Man's Good Working Suit for that others sell for $2.50.	$ 2.75	A Man's Extra Good Overcoat for that others sell for $13.00.	$10.00
A Man's Good Warm Suit for that others sell for $6.00.	4.00	A Man's Good Warm Coat for that others sell for $2.25.	1.50
A Man's Good Cassimere Suit for that others sell for $8.00.	5.00	A Man's Good Working Pants for that others sell for $1.00.	75c.
A Man's Good Business Suit for that others sell for $11.00.	7.00	A Man's Good Dress Shirt for that others sell for 75c.	50c.
A Man's Good Business Suits for that others sell for $15.00.	9.00	A Man's Good Hat for that others sell for 75c.	38c.
A Man's Good Dress Suit for that others sell for $20.00.	12.00	A Boy's Good Hat for that others sell for $3.00.	25c.
A Man's Extra Good Dress Suit for that others sell for $22.00.	18.00	A Child's Suit, from 5 to 9 years, (the child, not the suit,) for that others sell for $3.25.	2.25
A Man's Good Overcoat for that others sell for $5.00.	2.50	A Boy's Good Suit, from 9 to 12 years, (the boy, not the suit,) for that others sell for $4.50.	3.00
A Man's Good Thorocoat for that others sell for $7.50.	5.00	A Man's Suit of Underclothing for that others sell for 75c.	40c.
A Man's Extra Good Overcoat for that others sell for $11.00.	8.00		

DON'T INVEST YOUR MONEY IN CLOTHING

Before you examine the above priced Goods at the

Young America Clothing House,

Corner ELEVENTH AVENUE and ELEVENTH Street,

Sept. 26, 1879.-7m. ALTOONA, PA.

Observe This!---Preserve This!

No Agents Employed. Bought Direct from Headquarters. Saved Commission.

THE CRY ALL OVER THE COUNTRY IS THAT GOODS HAVE ADVANCED AND THAT they cannot now be bought low enough to be sold at the same prices as last year; but if you will only call at **Chas. Simon's New Clothing Depot, Altoona, Pa.**, it will be made manifest to you that wearing apparel at least can be sold much cheaper than ever before, as the following figures differently demonstrate:

CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

Men's Overcoats, heavy, at	$ 1.25	Men's Suits, for business wear, at	$ 2.25
Men's Overcoats, Black, at	1.50	Men's Suits, for dress, at	3.75
Men's Overcoats, elegant, at	4.75	Men's Suits, for fine dress, at	5.25
Men's Overcoats, heavy chinchilla, at	5.50	Men's Suits, very fine, at	$6.25 and $7.25
Men's Overcoats, very fine beaver, at	6.50	Men's Suits, the very finest, at $10, $12, $13.50 and $15.00	
Men's Overcoats, fine goods, up to	20.00	Men's Heavy Pants, for work, at $2.25, $2.50 and $3.00	
Men's Pants, good and heavy, at	1.00	Youths' Suits, the cheapest and nicest assortment in the city.	
Men's Pants, still finer and better	1.50	Boys' Suits, of all textures and prices, and guaranteed the cheapest in the city.	
Men's Suits, neat but not nobby, at	1.75		

PANTALOON DEPARTMENT.

Men's heavy Jean Pantaloons, at	75c. And 90c.
Men's better Pantaloons, at	$1.25
Men's Dress Pantaloons, at	1.75
Men's Handsome Dress Pantaloons, at	2.25
Men's fine Dress Pantaloons, at	2.75
Men's Cassimere Pantaloons, at	2.75
Men's Pantaloons, various styles, from $2.50 to 4.7	
A fine assortment of spring-bottom Pantaloons, in prices ranging from $1.50 to $4.75.	
Vests from 33c. up.	
THE LARGEST AND BEST STOCK OF PANTALOONS IN THE CITY.	

HAT AND CAP DEPARTMENT.—Wool Hats at 25c., 50c., 75c., $1.00 and $1.25; Stiff Wool Hats, latest styles, at 50c., 65c., 80c., $1.00 and $1.25; Fur Hats at 50c., 90c., $1.25, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $2.75, $3.00 and $3.50; Stiff Fur Hats at $1.75, $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00; Boys' and Youths' Hats from 21c. to $1.75; Gents' Caps in all the latest styles at 25c., 35c., 40c., 50c., 75c., $1.00 and $1.25. THE LARGEST STOCK, LATEST STYLES AND LOWEST PRICES IN THE CITY.

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS DEPARTMENT.—Good Colored Dress Shirts at 25c.; Better Shirts at 50c.; Finer Shirts at 75c.; White Shirts at 50c.; Better White Shirts at 75c.; Very Good White Shirts at $1.00; Best White Shirts at $1.50; Unlaundried Shirts at 25c., 35c. and 50c.; Undershirts and Drawers at 25c., 40c., 50c. and 75c. each; Red Flannel Shirts at 75c., $1.25 and $1.50 each; Men's Useful Hose, 5c., 10c., 15c., 20c., 25c. and 35c.; Wool Hose, 5c., 10c., 15c., 20c., 25c. and 35c.

The Largest and Cheapest Stock of Trunks and Valises in the City.

☞Persons in city and country wishing to test the truth or the above assertions in relation to our goods and prices are respectfully invited to call at

Charles Simon's New Clothing Depot,

In Dr. Christy's Building, in rear of P. R. R. Passenger Depot.

Corner 11th Avenue and 13th Street, - - ALTOONA, PA.

Grand Opening

—OF—

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

HATS AND CAPS! HATS AND CAPS!

Furnish'g Goods, &c.,

For Gents, Youths Boys and Children.

E. B. CORN & CO., ALTOONA.

ONE PRICE AND FAIR DEALING IN ALL CASES!

☞The above Goods are entirely new and guaranteed the finest, best and cheapest in the city. Call and examine.

S. B. CORN & CO.,

1307 Eleventh Avenue, ALTOONA, PA.

E. B. CORN & CO., ALTOONA.

FALL AND WINTER SEASON.

CHEAPEST CLOTHING HOUSE IN ALTOONA!

NEW AND COMPLETE LINE OF

MEN'S AND YOUTHS' CLOTHING,

AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

At Actual Rock Bottom Cash Prices!

Suits from $2.75 up; Overcoats from $2.50 up; Pants from 75 cents up; Dress Shirts from 75 cents up; and other wearing apparel and furnishing goods at prices equally cheap.

☞I don't advertise to sell goods 20 or 25 per cent. cheaper than other dealers, because that would be a falsehood, and people are not so ignorant now-a-days as to believe any such humbug; but I guarantee not to be undersold by any man in the business.

M. WOLF,

RAILROAD CLOTHING HOUSE,

1127 Eleventh Avenue, below Bowman & Morrow's, Altoona, Pa.

$1200 profits on 20 days' investment of $100 —Official Reports, sent free.— Proportional returns every week on Stock Options of $25, $50, $100, $500. Address T. Potter Wright & Co., Bankers & Brokers, 72 Wall St., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED for Smith's Bible Dictionary and HOLMAN'S NEW PICTORIAL BIBLES Three volumes. Circulars free. A. J. HOLMAN & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

BIRD-ROMANCE.

Birds are not usually credited with half the intelligence or good qualities that are freely attributed to a few favored animals; but many well authenticated instances prove them to possess a very large share. The following cases came under my own eyes: The first I will relate occurred when I resided in a detached country-house far from any town, and where I had many feathered friends, with whom I became on the most confidential terms. The winter had been exceptionally severe and long, the snow lying deep on the ground for a considerable time. The birds had suffered terribly. I had a large number of daily pensioners; but as numbers were still frozen to death, I had an unused room turned into a refuge for the destitute, a temporary home for my out-patients, and soon had a perfect aviary in it by merely leaving the window open from early in the morning till dusk.—There were representatives of many families, and amongst them some not usually on sociable terms with mankind. One robin was soon the tamest of all my welcome visitors, and he remained long after the rest had left. He was so perfectly fearless that he not only made himself quite at home in his own quarters, but he would fly into an adjoining sitting-room, alight on the breakfast-table, pick up crumbs, and to the surprise and amusement of all, even perch on a loaf of bread and help himself, calmly looking around with his large expressive eyes in a most entertaining manner, and eventually returning to his adopted home, where there was food and water; therefore neither hunger nor thirst could have led him to pay these visits. As the warmer days came on, he would sit near the open window and sing in the sunshine. He at length flew out, and I feared that I should not see my pretty friend again; but toward evening he returned to roost, and I closed the window as before. He continued to fly away and return thus for some time. Then he came in no longer, but would sit in a laurel bush close to the window and sing most sweetly. By degrees he came less frequently, and when birds began to build I lost sight of him. He was a beautiful specimen of his class; and I often thought, in listening to his sweet wild notes, and in admiring his bright brown plumage and his vividly red breast, that if he had been a native of some tropical land, a far higher value would have been by most people set upon him. But "no man is a prophet in his own country and amongst his own kindred."

THE ANTIQUITY OF FORKS.—Among the recent finds in the exploration of the relics of the ancient lake dwellers of Switzerland is a pair of forks apparently invented for table use. They were fashioned from the metatarsal bone of a stag. This gives a higher antiquity to table forks (if they were intended as such) than has hitherto been suspected. Other bone implements and ornaments are frequently found. Animal remains are also common. Among them are the bones of the dog, the badger, and the common otter. The latter were doubtless met with in the immediate neighborhood of the lake, but the presence of the bones of the wild ox and of the bear indicate that the lake dwellers were bold and skillful hunters, as well as ingenious tool makers. They were also keepers of cattle, for the most numerous animal remains brought to light were those of the common cow and the moor cow. These exist in every stage of growth, showing that their owners had a taste for both veal and beef, while their fondness for venison is proved by the many bones of the stag and roe discovered by the explorers. Evidence of a like character shows that they were hunters of the wild boar and eaters of the domesticated pig, and the existence of the beaver in Switzerland in prehistoric times is attested by the presence, among other bones, of several which comparative anatomists declare to have belonged to that rodent. One omission on the list is striking. No mention is made of the bones of horses having been found, from which it may be inferred with tolerable certainty that the horse was either altogether unknown to the ancient lake dwellers, or that they had not succeeded in capturing and taming him.—*Scientific American.*

REVOLUTIONARY HEROES.—A curious fact suggested by the approaching centenary celebration of Sullivan's campaign against the Six Nations is that nearly all the general officers connected with that campaign were Irishmen or sons of Irishmen. General Sullivan himself was the son of a Limerick schoolmaster. General James Clinton, the second in command, was the son of Chas. Clinton, who came to America from Sligo, Ireland, in 1729, about seven years before James was born. General James Clinton was the brother of George Clinton, first Governor of the State of New York, and the father of De Witt Clinton, another great Governor of the State. General Edward Hand was born in Leinster, Ireland. He fought brilliantly throughout the Revolution and filled many civil offices afterward. His name is signed as one of its framers to the Pennsylvania Constitution in 1790. He was, moreover, one whom all men loved and confided in. Washington, when he resumed command of the army to repel French aggression, desired Congress to appoint General Hand as his Adjutant-General. General Maxwell of the expedition was also an Irishman born. Poor, the single remaining general of the campaign, was an American born, and we have at hand no means of tracing his origin, but the name is Norman-Irish, and McGee, in his "Irish Settlers in America," mentions him in connection with Hand.

LARGEST BEE FARM IN AMERICA.—The *Canada Farmer* pronounces the bee farm of D. A. Jones, near Beeton, Ontario, the most extensive and successful in the country. It consists of four bee yards, each covering about an acre of ground carefully enclosed, and contains besides the hives and summer store-rooms, and house for wintering the bees. The hives used are oblong, pine wood boxes, with a cubic capacity of 3,240 inches, the inside measure being fifteen by eighteen by twelve. Mr. Jones' four bee yards contain 250, 150, 150 and 70 of such hives respectively, and he reckons 30,000 bees a good swarm for one of them. At the end of July Mr. Jones had secured 50,000 pounds of honey from 620 stocks of bees. He expects a total yield for the year of 70,000 pounds of honey from his 19,000,000 little workers, in which case he would net between $7,000 and $10,000 for the year's product, without taking into account the sale of swarms or of queen bees. This successful apiarist estimates the year's total outlay at $2,100, nearly half of which, however, is interest on capital which has grown up with the business.

WHAT A WHEAT CROP DID.—We clip the following from an exchange:

The wheat story of the season comes to us from Clarksdale, down in Christian county, Ill., where a Mr. Clarke some years ago mortgaged his land for $20,000, and failed to pay more than $1,000 of the interest, which accrued as interest will. Suit was brought to foreclose the mortgage, but Mr. Clarke fought to gain time, and strange as it may seem, his attorney was enabled to delay matters so much that his client had time to sow quite a respectable area of wheat. This summer he harvested 800 acres of wheat and sold the crop at 92 cents per bushel, realizing enough to pay $23,000 of the $27,000 principal, interest and costs due or the place. To do this required an average of 34 bushels nearly per acre.

GIVE the potato ashes, lime, superphosphate, bone flour or plaster.

Chemicals for Household Use.

It is surprising, considering how many woman have been instructed in chemistry in school-days, to find how few housekeepers make any use of chemicals in various household processes. The washing of clothes is usually wholly accomplished by rubbing the clothes on the wash-board, and with no other detergent than soap. The rubbing of the clothes wears them out far more than use, and if housekeepers only knew, or, if knowing, they would take advantage of the fact that many washing compounds will almost entirely cleanse clothes which are soaked in them over night and almost entirely do away with labor and wear of the washboard, wash-day might be robbed of half its terrors. Recipes for washing fluids, the ingredients of which are soda, ash, ammonia and lime, can be found in nearly every household recipe book, and they are very cheap and harmless. All such washing compounds are useful and convenient for cleaning woodwork, pannels and carpets in a house; also in washing dishes and securing that desideratum of housekeepers—clean dish-cloths. Ammonia is a simple, cheap and harmless chemical, and should be bought by the quart and kept in every family. A few drops added to water will cleanse children's hair and make it soft and sweet; it is an admirable disinfection to remove the odor of perspiration; it will remove grease spots from clothing and often restore color to stains. Its common and frequent use can not be too frequently urged. Borax is another chemical that should find common use in every family For cleansing teeth and sweetening the breath, a few grains of the powder in water is unexcelled. It softens and whitens flannels. Salicylic acid is perfectly odorless and harmless, yet powerful, disinfectant, and for many uses in the household is invaluable. It is very cheap and convenient in form. In these days when to stay various forms of diseases is so important, mothers and housekeepers would do well to give study and thought to these things, and try to make their knowledge of science practical. It is very encouraging to note how many woman are turning their attention to studies in general and applied science in particular. Let us have its benefits exemplified in the household.

WOMAN'S NEVER-FAILING LOVE.—The San Antonio *Herald* relates this: On a bed in the pest-house a young man was lying stricken with the exanthemate plague that has lingered so long in this city. There was no suffering in concert to make his pangs endurable; he alone of all the city lay in the hateful house with the yellow flag, the hateful symbol of taboo, fluttering out its message of warning, crying to the winds "Unclean!" taking up the song of the lepers in Judea; but Helon's physician no longer walked the earth. Nevertheless an attribute of Christ remains on earth; there was one that dared the monster in his den and wrestled with him for the prize. Day and night she stood at her post by the loathsome couch, nursing her lover from whom the world had turned shuddering away, still seeing the beautiful through the vail of horror, uncheered by voice, music or flower, alone with her lover and the monster that chained him; counting time by the creeping shadows, administering the medicine with a tender hand, disputing with death for a life; the bosom of a virgin opposed to an arm of Iell. The crisis passed and the sick man left the couch; the two went their way, the Mexican with the girl who held him back from the death's jaws; no trumpet sounded nor drum beat, but as brave a heart beats in the breast of that girl as nerved Murat, or Ney, or the heroes of the Alamo, and her noble act deserves the world's applause. But she will never get it because she is a poor Mexican girl; besides she does not want it.

MUSIC IN STONES.—A very interesting and curious exhibition was given by M. Baudre at Charlier Institute, New York, on Thursday afternoon. M. Baudre made the accidental discovery of musical notes in pieces of flint, and for twenty-four years he has been collecting enough of these stones to make a chromatic scale. He has now perfected his discovery, and has made a musical instrument of the same general idea as the Harmonicon, but which is much more powerful. The stones, which are of various sizes and forms, are just as he found them, no artificial aid being brought to bear in adapting them to this use. The instrument is composed of an iron frame, along the top of which the stones are suspended by means of stout twine; then, with two bits of stone that have no reasonance M. Baudre played a variety of tunes, making nice harmonies and bringing forth exceedingly sweet tones. The stones are not regulated by weight, as entirely different notes weigh just the same; the musical quality is something given them by nature. Besides the stones, M. Baudre had a number of bits of wood about the size of an old fashioned clothes-pin, which he threw on the marble floor one at a time, and they produced the regular notes of the scale with remarkable correctness. The singing stones, however, are the more interesting of M. Baudre's discoveries.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.—A few years ago a company of Indians were captured on the western frontier. Among them were a number of stolen children. They had been with the savages for years. Word was sent throughout the region inviting all who had lost children to come and see if among the little captives they could recognize their own. A long way off was a woman who had been robbed of her darlings, a boy and girl. With mingled hope and fear she came; with throbbing heart she approached the group. They were strange to her. She came nearer, and with eyes filled with mother-love and earnestness, peered into their faces, one after another, but there was nothing in any that she could claim. Nor was there anything in her to light up their cold faces. With the dull pain of despair at her heart she was turning away when she paused, choked back the tears and, in soft, clear notes, began a simple song she used to sing to her little ones of Jesus and heaven. Not a line was completed before a boy and a girl left the group and ran to her, exclaiming, "Mamma! mamma!" and she folded her lost ones to her bosom. So lives a mother's early influence in the heart's of her children.

WHEN girls, midway in their teens, throw off their natural, girlish habits and attire, don long skirts, skoot up their hair and affect the airs and dress of young women, they would often be surprised to know what their elders think of the improvements. One young miss went to the depot recently to meet an aged friend of the family, and was surprised to find herself not recognized upon greeting the visitor as she stepped from the car. "Don't you know me, auntie?" "Why, this ain't Maria, is it?" "Certainly; don't you think I look better than I did last summer when you were here?" "No," replied the honest soul, looking the girl over, "to tell the truth I don't. Go home and let down your hair and be young while you can, for it will not be many years before you will be glad to have people take you for a girl."—*Springfield Republican.*

COLIC.—Phares' method of treating colic consists in *inversion*—simply turning the patient upside down. Colic of several days' duration has been relieved by this means in a few minutes.—*Journ. Sci. Med.*

CCCC HEAP!

C C

C H H EEE A PPP EEE RRR !!!

C HHE AA P PE R R !!!

C HHH EE AAA PPP EE RRR !

C HHE A A P E R R !!!

C H H EEE A A P EEE R R !!!

C C

CCCC heapest!

GEO. HUNTLEY

HAS NOW ON HAND THE

LARGEST, BEST AND MOST VARIED

STOCK OF

Hardware!

Stoves, Tinware,

GGGG HOUSEFURNISHING SSSSSS

G G S

G OOOO OOOO DDDD SSSSSS

G GG O O O O D D S

GGGG OOOO OOOO DDDD SSSSSS

&c., &c., that can be found in any one establishment in Pennsylvania. His stock comprises

COOK, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES

of various styles and patterns;

Builders' Hardware

of every description and of best quality;

CARPENTERS' TOOLS!

of all kinds and the best in the market. Also, a large stock of

TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY,

Glassware, Queensware, Silver-Plated Ware, Wood and Willow Ware, Wall Paper, Trunks and Valises, Revolvers, Anvils, Vises, Horse Shoes, Bar Iron, Rail Road, Horse Nails, Carriage Bolts, Rivets, Mill Saws, Grindstones, Steel Shovel Plow Moulds, Road Scoops;

Mowing Machines, Horse Hay Rakes,

Horse Hay Forks, Rope and Pulleys, Corn Cultivators, and a full line of Harvesting Tools. Also, a large assortment of

Table, Floor and Stair Oil Cloths

Carriage Oil Cloth,

PAPER AND OIL CLOTH WINDOW SHADING AND SHADE FIXTURES; LIVERPOOL ASHTON SALT, the best in the world for Dairy and Table use; IMPORTED ROCK SALT, the cheapest and best for feeding Live Stock; LAND PLASTER; WELL AND CISTERN PUMPS, of the best quality; PERKINS' PATENT SAFETY LAMPS, which cannot be exploded; CHILDREN'S WAGONS AND CARTS; the largest stock of MILK CROCKS of all shapes and sizes and of superior ware ever offered for sale in Ebensburg; a full line of PAINT BRUSHES of the most desirable quality; WINDOW GLASS, OILS, PAINTS, TURPENTINE, VARNISHES, &c., together with a large and complete stock of choice

GROCERIES, TOBACCO AND SEGARS,

as well as thousands of other useful and needful articles. In fact, anything I haven't got or can't get at short notice is most worth buying, and what I do offer for sale may always be relied on as FIRST-CLASS IN QUALITY, while they will invariably be

SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES!

☞ Having had nearly THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE in the sale of goods in my line, I am enabled to supply my customers with the very best in the market. Give me a liberal share of your patronage, then, and be convinced that the best is always the cheapest, and that it never pays to buy an inferior article simply because the price is low, as it is an indisputable fact that such goods are always the dearest in the end.

GEO. HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.

ESTABLISHED FOR THIRTY-FOUR YEARS.

F. W. HAY & SON

Manufacturers,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

—OF—

TIN, COPPER,

—AND—

Sheet Iron Wares

AND DEALERS IN

HEATING, PARLOR and COOKING

STOVES,

Sheet Metals,

—AND—

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

GET ALL THE LIGHT YOU CAN

—ON THE SUBJECT OF—

Cheap Groceries!

By reading the advertisements, circulars, price-lists, etc., of other dealers, and then go to

F. P. CONFER'S

MODEL GROCERY STORE!

1324 Eleventh Avenue,

Between 10th & 11th Sts., Altoona, Pa.,

And "confer" your patronage on a man who can not only show you the largest, most varied and complete stock of goods ever offered for sale in that city, comprising everything fresh and pure in the way of GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, Green, Dried and Canned FRUITS, NOTIONS, &c., but can and does sell at prices fully as cheap if not a little cheaper than any other man or firm in the business, no matter where they live or what inducements they offer.

☞ Thankful for the liberal patronage heretofore conferred upon him by his friends in Cambria county and elsewhere, and hoping for a continuance and increase of the same, the subscriber respectfully invites everybody to call and examine his goods and prices before buying at any other house. F. P. CONFER.

Feb. 28, 1879. Model Grocery, Altoona, Pa.

J. A. MAHER, Lilly, Pa.,

CASH DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Clothing,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,

Groceries, Hardware, Tinware, Notions,

AND ALL OTHER KIND OF

STAPLE GOODS

usually kept in a first class country store.

Everything Sold as CHEAP FOR CASH

as at any other establishment in or out of the county, and country produce taken in exchange for merchandise at cash prices. The patronage of everybody wishing to get full value for their money is earnestly and respectfully solicited.

J. A. MAHER.

Lilly, Cambria Co., Pa., Sept. 12, 1879.-tf.

WM. H. SECHLER, *Attorney at Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row, (recently occupied by Wm. Kittell, Esq.) Centre street. [1-26-79.-tf.]

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER

THIS standard article is compounded with the greatest care.

Its effects are as wonderful and as satisfactory as ever.

It restores gray or faded hair to its youthful color.

It removes all eruptions, itching and dandruff. It gives the head a cooling, soothing sensation of great comfort, and the scalp by its use becomes white and clean.

By its tonic properties it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, preventing baldness, and making the hair grow thick and strong.

As a dressing, nothing has been found so effectual or desirable.

A. A. Hayes, M. D., State Assayer of Massachusetts, says, "The constituents are pure, and carefully selected for excellent quality; and I consider it the BEST PREPARATION for its intended purposes."

Price, One Dollar.

Buckingham's Dye

FOR THE WHISKERS.

This elegant preparation may be relied on to change the color of the beard from gray or any other undesirable shade, to brown or black, at discretion. It is easily applied, being in one preparation, and quickly and effectually produces a permanent color, which will neither rub nor wash off.

Manufactured by R. P. HALL & CO.

NASHUA, N. H.

Sold by all Druggists, and Dealers in Perfumery.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS

Let your first attack of indigestion be the last. Rouse the dormant energies of the stomach with the Bitters. The time thus imparted will remain. This is a fact established by thousands of witnesses, whose testimony is strengthened by a statement of their own experience. Those afflicted with general debility of every grade will find its medicine an unfailing agent in building up and renewing their strength.

For sale by all Druggists and respectable Dealers generally. 119-17.-4y.]

SELLERS' COUGH SYRUP!

40 YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

Pronounced by all to be the most PLEASANT and EFFICACIOUS remedy now in use for the CURE OF COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, hoarseness, tickling sensation of the throat, whooping cough, etc. OVER A MILLION BOTTLES SOLD WITHIN THE LAST FEW YEARS. It gives relief wherever used, and has the power to impart benefit that CANNOT be had from the cough mixtures now in use. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per bottle.

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS are also highly recommended for curing liver complaint, constipation, sick-headaches, fever and ague, and all diseases of the stomach and liver. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per box.

R. E. Sellers & Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

October 24, 1879.-1y.

VALUABLE TRUTHS.

If you are suffering from poor health, or languishing on a bed of sickness, take cheer, for

Hop Bitters will Cure You.

If you are a minister, and have overtaxed yourself with your pastoral duties, or a mother, worn out with care and work, or if you feel weak and dispirited, without clearly knowing why,

Hop Bitters will Restore You

If you are a man of business, weakened by the strain of your everyday duties, or a man of letters, toiling over your midnight work,

Hop Bitters will Strengthen You.

If you are young, and suffering from any indiscretion, or are growing too fast,

Hop Bitters will Relieve You,

If you are in the workshop, on the farm, at the desk, anywhere, and feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating without intoxicating,

Hop Bitters is What You Need.

If you are old, and your pulse is feeble, your nerves unsteady, and your faculties waning,

Hop Bitters will give you New Life and Vigor.

HOP COUGH CURE is the sweetest, safest and best. Ask Children.

One Hop PAD for Stomach, Liver and Kidneys is sure to do all that is claimed. Is a perfect absorbent. It is perfect. D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.

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CRACKED HEELS.—Exposure to wet and mud, scarcely avoidable in autumn, will certainly produce cracked heels in horses, unless precautions are used. When the cracks are once formed, they are difficult to heal, because at every motion of the foot they are opened and the granulations are distributed. Prevention consists in frequent cleansing of the feet by washing with clear water and wiping dry at once with a cloth or towel kept for the purpose. The drying of water on the skin is injurious and should be carefully avoided. A little of the veterinary cosmoline, or even crude petroleum, which is the basis of the cosmoline, applied in the morning before the